

ADDRESS

TO THE

FEMALES OF OHIO,

DELIVERED AT THE

STATE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY,

BY

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ADDRESS
TO THE
LADIES OF OHIO.

SISTERS OF OHIO!—

Suffer your brethren to appeal to you for aid. We are engaged in a glorious work—but it is also an arduous one; and we realize that ‘it is not good for man to be *alone*’ in toiling for God.

In other kindred enterprises, in which we have been called to embark, we have felt the benefits of your sustaining influence; and we have no desire to be deprived of them in our present labors of love.

We need *your* aid—your sanction—your interests and prayers—your wakeful concern—your heart-beating sympathies—the encouragement of your unwavering faith—the example of your ‘patience in tribulation’—your hand beckoning us onward to duty—and your voice cheering us, amid persecutions, to fresh effort in behalf of perishing humanity.

We need your aid—we need it greatly—we need it now. Permit us, therefore, to lay before you the *claims* of our cause upon you, as mothers and daughters, as sisters and wives.

But on the threshold of this work, we find ourselves surrounded by a sentiment, as corrupt as it is prevalent, which denies the *primary duties and responsibilities of woman*; and hence renders it necessary for us to preface our present communication to you with the enforcing of certain principles, which should have been received as first truths.

It is broadly insinuated—nay, it is boldly declared—by those in high places, and echoed by the press—that woman has no duties of a public nature—no part to act in the great moral movements of the day—no *privilege* to be interested in benevolent enterprises, which may excite the wicked—no right to exert an active influence for the cessation of cruelty and the promotion of peace, purity and love. If such sentiments as these are not yet embodied into a theory, and taught, by system, in our pulpits and seminaries,—they are at least so far popular, that they can be uttered without exciting indignation; and so generally credited, that their fallacy has to be proved.

A *sphere* is arrogantly assigned to woman, narrowed down to the circuit of the parlor, or measured by the circumference of her spinning-wheel; and if she venture for a moment to turn aside from her very *serviceable* concernment with *domes-*

tic cares, she is branded with every ungenerous and abusive epithet, and bid back to her *proper sphere*.

We cannot away with the ferocious spirit of presumptuous superiority, in which sentiments so degrading to the dignity, and so libellous upon the influence of woman, originate. We must ever rebuke that selfish exclusiveness, which—arrogating to man the peculiar endowments of intellect and heart—designates every exercise of the same on the part of woman, as impertinent and assuming; which frowns upon her noble efforts to elevate and happify the world, and strives, by ridicule, inuendoes, taunts and abuse, to re-plunge her into the insignificancy in which Despotism has always held her. We have no sympathy with such sentiments—no congeniality with such a spirit. The former are as far from the dictates of humanity and the councils of courtesy, as is the latter from the genius of christianity and the spirit of liberty.

In utter opposition to these monstrous and oppressive views, we hold that it is ‘the chief end’ of woman as well as ‘of man to glorify God’—that it is her duty to contribute to the general happiness of mankind—that she is bound to be active in furthering every moral enterprize which promotes the common welfare—that it is her duty, therefore, to inquire into the merits of every such cause, which is before the public mind.

Here is woman’s sphere! Her duties consist no more of *domestic cares*, than man’s duties consist of his merchandize, his professional, mechanical, and other business pursuits. These all are but parts of that humble machinery which supports our humble bodies. There are more worthy cares, more elevating employments, more ennobling duties, growing out of our sublime relations to God and our fellow-man, and also springing up from our own immortality, which should enlist the energies of both woman and man. To deny these responsibilities to woman, while we impose, with scrupulous exactness, *domestic duties*,—is to sacrifice the *rational* to the *animal* part of woman. And furthermore: as the pursuit of these high duties comprises the *peculiar happiness* of intelligent beings, consequently, the act which cuts off *one half* of the rational creation from participating in these duties, dries up all the springs of their *rational* enjoyments. Whether this injustice has not been virtually perpetrated upon *woman*, is a question of solemn import. That it is committed in those countries where woman is made a *drudge*, no one doubts; and we would submit—whether it is not as effectually, if not so grossly, perpetrated in *our* country, by that odious sentiment which makes her a *painted puppet* or a *gilded butterfly*?

Whether woman be yoked to labor with the ox, or screened from the sun and sheltered from the wind; whether she be driven into the kitchen, or installed in the parlor; whether she stand behind the lord's chair to serve him at table, or be elevated herself to the most honorable seat; whether she be cooped up with the poultry in the back yard, or caged with 'birds of paradise,' and hung up in the bow window, to attract the gaze of passers-by with the splendor of her plumage and the sweetness of her notes;—in a word, whether she be made on the one hand a mere *subservient* to the *purposes and pleasures* of man, or on the other the *passive recipient* of the *favours* of man, *in either situation*,—she may be effectually robbed of her rights and happiness as *woman*. How, then, shall we be able to estimate the wrong which is done to woman, and through her to mankind, by those who, under pretext of releasing her from laborious duties, would shut her out forever from the glorious fields of moral and benevolent enterprize!

But to drop the consideration of such humiliating sentiments—for the existence of which human nature deserves a blush—we would remark, that it is matter of doubt whether the most well designing have recognized the full amount of female influence and responsibilities. God evidently intended that woman should exert an immense control, for which a knowledge of the condition and wants of the world and great freedom of action, can alone qualify her. Such design is evident, both from her *nature* and her *relation to the world*. Her constitutional susceptibilities—her sympathies—her yearnings of compassion—her enlargedness of benevolence—and her generous disinterestedness,—are the *finger of God* pointing her out as the guardian angel of the world's hopes, whose ever active wing should hover over the woes of mankind, and whose wakeful eye should pierce into the *sources* of human misery.

Nor do the evidences of woman's high design appear alone in the superior sympathies of her nature, fitting her to administer to *bodily* sufferings. She has other peculiarities, either of nature or situation, or both, which fit her for the discharge of other important duties. We would particularly refer to her *purity of principle*—the result, it may be, of her removedness from the contaminations of worldly policy—her *delicate sense of right*—her fearlessness of purpose to do duty—and her confiding trust of consequences to God. How could she be more clearly designated, than by such characteristics, as God's agent in the world to rebuke sin, and urge the

sinner to *immediate repentance*? Hence we discover that in every age of the church, God has distinguished woman. Females have always composed a large majority of professing christians; and it would not be unsafe to say, that they have embodied a large amount of the vital piety of the church. Indeed it would appear to be a *prominent feature* in the divine plan for the recovery of our race, to secure the *agency of woman*. This is at once an evidence of the weight of female influence, and an indication of God's will that man should enlist that influence in every benevolent cause in which he himself is engaged.

Negligence on this point in the leaders of moral movements, is therefore most serious, if not fatal. What, then, must be the folly of those who, in relation to female influence, are not only *indifferent*, but *sceptical* and even *contemptuous*!

But if woman's natural endowments of heart eminently qualify her for benevolent effort, how much more of unalienable influence for weal or woe is intrusted to her as the *mother of mankind*. She stands at the very *fountain head* of existence, and gives direction and character to the streams which issue from it, and flow, widening and deepening, through eternity. What an attitude of responsibility! Such woman, is *yours*! O see how the world's hopes are anchored in *you*! See mankind's character brought and *laid at your feet*, to receive its first and most permanent impress! What bribe will induce you—Delilah-like—to betray *such trusts*!

It is with these views, Ladies of Ohio, of your duties and influence generally, that we come now to lay before you the subject of American Slavery. This, you are aware, has become an absorbing topic in our state and country. It is a question full of interest. Yet by common consent, it has been regarded as wholly without the sphere of your influence. We are aware, too, that you have generally acquiesced in this judgment—deeming the slavery of the southern states to be a subject in which you could *justly* feel no concern whatever.

You have doubtless been influenced in forming this opinion, by what *appeared* to be weighty reasons.

Among these reasons we presume has been the commonly received idea, that it is improper for *any* of the inhabitants of the free states to interfere with slavery, as it is a system pertaining to other and independent states. You have therefore felt it your duty to stand aloof from a subject, which was interdicted even to your fathers and your brothers. The fallacy of the notion, from which you draw this inference, is now

increasingly seen and acknowledged. Men in the free states are beginning to enlist in the work, not only without any scruple, but with the deepest sense of obligation. We would therefore very confidently urge you to consider again—if you have *ever* investigated this matter—whether the mere fact that a particular sin exists in a neighboring state or country from that in which *you* live—releases you from all obligation to oppose that sin! If it does not release man, it certainly cannot release woman.

Again: you have been accustomed, in common with most others, to view slavery as a *political* subject, which you could not, with any degree of propriety, meddle with.

When we consider the course which has been pursued by ministers and the church generally, the silence they have preserved, their careful avoidance of the whole subject in their prayers and public ministrations, and their closing the pulpits and churches against all discussions of the question,—we are not surprised that *you* should have entertained the idea that slavery is a political matter.

It is a principal object, permit us to say, of this address, to lay before you such details as will, we trust, convince you that slavery has other bearings beside those that are political—bearings which commend it peculiarly to *your* attention.

To these details we now call your attention, simply remarking, that they relate to those *dreadful effects* of slavery, which appeal with peculiar force to the sympathies of woman.

1. In the first place, we would allude to that *awful sense of insecurity* which pervades slave-holding families. This is an *evil spirit* which must ever haunt the dwellings of slave-holders. They are conscious that ‘their enemies are they of their own household.’ They know, too, that they are exposed, and that hourly, to danger from a thousand points against which it is impossible to fortify themselves. They may be poisoned through their food or drink—they may be strangled in their beds—their brains may be dashed out on the field by an unexpected blow from some desperate man, whose next act may be to kill himself—they may be dragged from their tables, from their fire-sides, or from the family-altar itself—or their houses may be fired at midnight, and themselves butchered as they fly from the flames.

Such things, they know, *may* take place at any moment. That they have not occurred hitherto, or lately, affords no assurance that they will not burst forth in an hour. The consequence is, that dreadful state of insecurity already alluded to. A man can scarcely be absent a night, without providing

a friend to sleep in his house as a *guard* to his wife and children. Mr. Randolph—himself a slave-holder—declared that ‘every master was a sentinel at his own door.’

A whole village may at any time, upon the slightest suspicion or alarm, be thrown into the wildest consternation—presenting a scene which would beggar description. Men hurrying to and fro, seizing in their frenzy, clubs, stones, butcher-knives, hoes and axes—women flying through the streets with their infants in their arms, or crowded, half naked, with their little ones, in a ware-house or church. From every quarter may be heard screams of terror, implorings of mercy, mingled prayers and curses, cries of ‘insurrection, murder, to arms, to arms!’—and all that confusion which arises from fright and defencelessness. Such things not unfrequently occur!

The following graphic description of one of these scenes—that which followed upon the Southampton massacre—is given by Mr. McDowell of the Virginia legislature. Replying to one who had called that insurrection a ‘petty affair,’ he asks, ‘Was that a “petty affair” which drove families from their homes, which assembled women and children, in crowds, and without shelter, at places of common refuge, in every condition of weakness and infirmity? which barred every door, penetrated every bosom with fear or suspicion, which so banished all sense of security from every man’s dwelling, that let but a hoof or a horn break upon the silence of the night, and an aching throb would be driven to the heart;—the husband would look to his weapon, and the mother would shudder and weep over her cradle.’

The same gentleman testifies that this dreadful condition of things was not confined merely to the neighborhood of Southampton; but that it grows out of causes, which make it both *general* and *permanent*. ‘Was it the fear,’ he asks, ‘of Nat Turner, and his deluded, drunken, handful of followers, which produced such effects? Was it this that induced *distant countries*, where the very name of Southampton was strange, to arm and equip for a struggle? No, sir: it was the *suspicion* incessantly exercised toward the *slave everywhere*—the *suspicion* that a Nat Turner might be in every family, that the same bloody deed could be acted over *at any time* and *at any place*. Yes: it is the *withering apprehension* which every slave-holder in this land carries in his *own conscience*, that the slaves have been *outraged, insulted and wronged, which makes the sound in his ears!*’

Such is a picture of the domestic state of slave-holding families! Let us now inquire, sisters, is this no concern of yours?

Is *this* a *political* matter? Should it not interest you to know that a system exists which banishes *tranquillity* from the bosom of the family? Who *will* be interested in such a fact, if you are not? Who *ought* to be?

Your voice should be heard the loudest and the first in defence of that domestic peace which it is your peculiar province to secure. God expects it of you—nay, more: God and the perishing hopes of the world *demand* that you direct your influence against every system which dares to invade the repose of the family-circle. You cannot *throw off* this responsibility—will you *shrink from* it?

2. We would next refer to the horrid influence of slavery upon the *disposition* and general character of those who maintain the system. It is a certain truth, that the habitual exercise of arbitrary power begets a ferocious temper, and converts even the most amiable into monsters of ungovernable passion. The testimony of philosophers, statesmen, sages and slave-holders, is uniform on this point; and their testimony is abundantly established by facts. Did we have ground, either in reason or observation, to believe that women escaped these distortions, there would be less propriety in soliciting the co-operation of ladies. But alas! it is too sadly true, that if woman will become a slave-holder, she must consent to sacrifice all the tenderness of her nature. The following fact, which, though it relates to West India slavery, is no less applicable to American slavery, will serve to illustrate the tendencies of slave-holding upon woman's character:

It was related by a clergyman—formerly of England—now residing in this country.

‘A lady, now in the West Indies, was sent in her infancy to her friends near Belfast, in Ireland, for education. She remained under their charge from five to fifteen years of age, and grew up everything which her friends could wish. At fifteen, she returned to the West Indies—was married there—and after some years paid her friends near Belfast a second visit. Toward white people she was the same elegant and interesting child as before;—appeared full of every virtuous and tender feeling. But towards the colored people *she was like a tigress*. If Wilberforce's name was mentioned, she would say, “Oh, I wish we had that wretch in the West Indies, I would be one of the first to help to tear his heart out.” And then she would tell of the manner in which the West India ladies used to treat their slaves. “I have often,” she said, “when my women have displeased me, *snatched their babes* from their arms, and running with them to the well, have

tied my shawl around their shoulders, and pretended to be drowning them. Oh, it was so *ridiculous* to hear the mothers scream!"—and then she would laugh almost convulsively at the recollection.

What is that which could thus pervert all the native sensibilities of a delicate young lady, transforming her into a 'tigress'—what is that but a detestable system? Suffer us then to remind you, that a large and interesting portion of your sex, in your own country, are exposed this day to all the horrid distortions of such a system.

And now do you ask, 'how does this concern us?' Does it not appeal directly to you? The slanderer, who blackens your reputation, does not pass your tribunal with impunity. The drunkard, who breaks up the peace of his family, and drives his wife and children from their home, is denounced by *you*. *Your* voice of reprobation is raised against the seducer, because he conspires against your virtue.

But here is a demon, who withers by his touch *all the peculiar graces of woman*, and transforms her into—what shall we say? Look and answer. See where this demon has left his mark. If we grouse together a few out of the ten thousand hideous attitudes into which it has thrown woman, what a shocking scene of deformity does it not present to the view! There, in one part of the picture, is woman, with a *cow-hide* in her hands, and plying it on the naked back of a slave!—There, hard by, is woman, with her hair dishevelled and rage depicted on every feature, stamping upon a prostrate woman!—There also is woman, pursuing, *club in hand*, an affrighted girl, who flies from her oft experienced wrath!—There too, is woman, swelling with the fiercest passion, storming, threatening, cursing, and calling down death, and even damnation, upon the victim who escapes from her hands!—There, again, is woman standing by, while her husband is scourging the naked body of her servant girl, and instead of beseeching him to have mercy, she cheers him on, and responds to every blow of his, with a kick on the head of the poor sufferer!—[A fact.] In another part of the picture is a woman pinching her servant's nose with red-hot tongs!—[Another fact.] But, darkest of all this dark picture, there is woman *selling* woman—*mother selling mother*—*wife selling wife*—woman herself sundering, *with her own hands*, all the ties of nature, to gratify revenge or procure money!

Sisters, do not turn away from this sight, saying it is too shocking to look at. Were it a fancy picture, it would indeed be wrong—unpardonable wrong—to harrow up your feel-

ings by presenting it before you. But alas! it is fact—fact, did we say—it is only a dim shadow of the dread reality which is daily acting out in our own country.

And yet shall we be told that the ladies of the free states have no interest in such things as these? Are you to be informed, sisters of Ohio, that you have *no right to feel* in view of a system which is virtually forced, by man, upon your sisters at the south, and is now rioting upon their choicest virtues? Are you to be told that it is improper for you to speak for the dignity of your sex, and to proclaim your abhorrence of a practice, which, by its horrid distortions of female character, makes the very *name* of woman a reproach? And will you *believe* it, and will you tremble at the insolent demand to *keep your place*, and shrink away into silence until your sex becomes the laughing-stock of men, and the disgrace of human nature?

God forbid! We place these responsibilities before you, and we trust that you will not be deterred from meeting them by all the frowns and menaces of an unhallowed public sentiment.

3. But that feature in the slave system which appeals most strongly to female sympathy, is the *ruin of family relations among the slaves*. Slavery, by its laws, as well as in its practice, abrogates marriage, separates, at the pleasure of the master, those united by heaven-created ties, and tramples upon the most sacred attachments of social life. It is a fact for woman to note, that slavery is the *only system in the world* which annihilates the family institution. Despotism, which withholds civil rights and imposes many grievous burthens, almost uniformly leaves its victims their domestic enjoyments. Even War, ruthless as *he* is, with his front of blood, and his trooping legions of furies, *falters* as he lifts his battle-ax against the door that locks in the mother and her trembling babes. There is a sacredness in the *idea of family*, which throws its restraining and abashing influences around even these relentless foes of mankind. But slavery submits to no restraints. This monster has no heart.

Where other systems stop, appalled and disarmed, Slavery starts with fresh ferocity. After robbing man of all legal protection, denying him his wages, scourging his body and blighting his mind, it pushes on its ravages to the last retreat of human happiness—and scatters the family.

This *peculiar* feature of slavery is its most *horrid* one. O if this system did but leave the *family circle* unbroken, its other outrages, numberless and woful as they are, might be

borne. Yes: the poor victim of oppression may lose, one by one, his civil rights, his property and his personal protection, and yet his spirit can sustain itself, so long as he is surrounded with the sympathies and solaces of his little family.

Yea, he may be driven to the field to labor without recompense, he may be scourged without pity, he may be reviled and buffeted and trampled upon; but only let him know that there is one little retreat—a cabin or a cave though it be—*where wife and children be*,—only leave him that one humble spot, and he has a refuge, an asylum. But let that little spot be laid waste—and persecuted humanity ‘has nowhere to lay its head’—the centre of man’s hopes is gone—the elements of his earthly happiness are destroyed. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not now indulging in a sickly sentimentality. We regard these as truths, viz.—that the *centre of earthly bliss lies within the family circle*—that no form of evil, which does not reach that centre, can wholly destroy human peace—and lastly, that when the family circle is invaded and broken up, social happiness has received its death-stab! Now this is the very ruin which slavery effects. It destroys the family relations. It robs its victim of every personal right, and then denies to him this single spot to rest his weary foot upon. It drives human happiness from one strong hold to another, till it seeks a last refuge in the heart, and there *kills it!*

Ye, ladies, that know, better than we can describe them, the nameless joys which cluster about the family, do you see these *ravages of the family*? Do you see this only monster that dares to invade the *family*, and do you see how he exalteth himself in that hallowed place, making the family room his presence chamber, the very altar itself of family devotions his throne, and the domestic fire-side the scene of his most atrocious cruelties? Yes, sisters, you know these things, and now we earnestly inquire, What shall be done? Who shall act in this emergency? Who is the heaven-appointed guardian of the fire-side? It is woman; and sisters, the call is to *you*. The family altar has been invaded, the hearth stone is desolate, the innocent ones are scattered. Broken affections, sundered ties, and bleeding heart-strings are around you. Millions, with their voiceless eloquence, are appealing to your sympathies. Hear a bereaved mother—

'White Lady, happy, proud and free,
 Lend a listening ear to me:
 Let a negro-mother's wail,
 Turn thy pale cheek still more pale.
 Can a negro-mother joy
 Over this her captive boy
 Which in bondage and in tears
 For a life of woe, she rears?
 — Though she bears a mother's *name*,
 A mother's rights she may not claim,
 For the white man's will can part
 Her darling from her bursting heart.' —

Can *mothers* be deaf to such an appeal? Sisters, can you be persuaded that wrongs and sufferings like these, which cut around the whole circle of family bliss, are of no manner of interest to you? In the name of humanity, what have you a right to be interested in? Has it come to this, that you must see wives torn from their husbands, and mothers from their children, and yet be *forbidden* to sympathize, or *abused* for expressing your abhorrence of these enormities? Must you quell the heaving emotion, and rebuke feeling, and dry up the tear, and keep down nature, and *bury womanhood*; lest, by following their warm dictates, you should leave *your proper sphere*?

When, aroused by the wail of sundered families, all others are beginning to start from their insensibility—when the tides of feeling are rolling toward the oppressed—when the civilized world is moving from its lowest foundation, quickened by the mighty impulse—when insulted liberty and profaned religion join heart and voice and hand against their common foe—and when *man* is stirring himself up to an unflinching conflict with this Demon of the Pit,—shall *woman* be still? Shall she be deaf to the cries which are summoning forth the sympathies of the sterner sex?

Then, indeed, will she have *deserted her peculiar sphere*! Then will she have forgotten to be woman, and have forfeited all claim to the title of sister, mother, wife!—

But we have not yet done with the reasons which should induce you to enlist in our present undertaking. A regard for your patience will not suffer us to dwell at length upon other reasons. We will only say that slavery forces itself upon your consideration, from the fact that it brings its heaviest plagues upon your sex—driving woman to the field, exposing her in every condition of weakness to inclemencies of weather and rigorous treatment, reducing her to the condition of a beast of burthen, and leaving her person the defenceless prey of every brutal man. The whole sex is inevitably in-

volved in the disgrace which is thus brought upon one portion of it; and this leads us to say that slavery is a subject *full* of interest to you, because the evil is not confined to the enslaved and the enslaver; but spreads its poison over the whole country—affecting most seriously the interests of woman.

Wherever despotism has prevailed, woman has been degraded. The spirit of oppression is essentially hostile to woman, its constituent principle being that ‘the strong should rule the weak.’ And now, sisters, mark our word—your sex never can be elevated to its true dignity and to the enjoyment of its dearest rights, in any part of our country, so long as slavery, which embodies this corrupt principle, exists among us.

Furthermore: this is a question of vital interest to you, because slavery itself must extend beyond the colored race. A spirit so ferocious as that of slavery, will not long be satisfied with making the black man its prey. *Color* is but a feeble barrier, and who can tell how long ere it will be broken down? And then—ah then—you, we, our children, may be numbered among the victims of oppression. Our families will then be scattered, and we may lift up our unavailing cry for mercy. Who can trust the spirit of slavery? The monster who will tear a sable mother from her children, and then mock her *childless woe*, only waits the power to break into *your* house, and snatch your little ones from you. And remember, the spirit of slavery is spreading with alarming rapidity, insomuch that thousands of hearts begin to tremble in apprehension of the rueful day when slavery may plant its roots deep in *our own soil*. Beware then, mothers, and *act in time!*

Lastly: it is reason enough why *you* should be interested in the cause of anti-slavery, that it is pre-eminently a cause of benevolence and mercy. It is *not* a political question—it is a religious question. It is not a fanatical crusade—it is an enterprise full of justice and humanity. It is the cause of peace and purity, of kindness and brotherly love. The oppressed are waiting for the results of our efforts, and as they feel the iron of their bondage, they ask us, ‘*how long?*’

The God of the oppressed is looking solicitously down, and while his parental heart is rent with anguish for his enslaved children, he graciously affords us a short space for effort. *Soon* he must terminate our privilege and their bondage, with the strong arm of his wrath! The slave *must be free*; but unless we unite in the most vigorous action, the oppressor will be

destroyed, and *we for our unfaithfulness will be involved in his punishment.*

At such a time as this, when perils thicken about our path—when the hopes of the slave, *our* liberties, the destiny of our children, our nation's existence, and the cause of freedom throughout the world, are all at stake—sisters, at such a time as this, where will you be found? Shrinking? Cowering? Aloof?—Or will you not rather wake up your slumbering influence and enlist in the cause of righteousness?

Do you ask what can *we* do to further the cause of immediate emancipation? Hear a few suggestions from us. The following items we would urge upon you to consider with deep deliberation:

1. You can petition Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Your voice ought to be heard on this question. It is due to your sex that our government, which professes such regard for the rights and dignity of woman, should no longer tolerate at its very seat a system which is more degrading to woman than Heathenism, and more insulting than Despotism.

2. You can aid in the dissemination of truth, by circulating papers, tracts, pamphlets, &c., besides also contributing to the support of agents.

3. You can write in behalf of the oppressed. There is more than one woman, in this country, who has done honor to her sex by her writings on this subject. It devolves upon you to keep the public attention turned toward those bearings of the question, which affect your sex and domestic relations in general. Who so well fitted to present these views of the subject as woman? Who can dwell upon them so feelingly—who can tell the story of woman's suffering, as mother, wife, daughter, sister, so affectingly as woman?

4. You can contribute to the encouragement of colored schools. Efforts are now making, on a very extensive scale, to instruct the people of color in this state, especially those living in the villages and cities. Young ladies and gentlemen are already engaged in the work of instruction, with great success in Cincinnati and elsewhere. In Cincinnati, three young ladies of liberal education, qualified to superintend the first rank of female academies, have been thus employed for two years in co-operation with several gentlemen. The improvement which they have wrought among the colored people of that city, is quite manifest. While, therefore, there are those, even of your own sex, who are willing to sacrifice personal ease, and devote *themselves*, amid neglect and contempt,

to the elevation of the down-cast and down-trodden free people of color, it will be but rational to expect that you will share in the *pecuniary* sacrifices necessary to sustain these self-denying missionaries.

We would earnestly commend this department of the cause to your patronage and prayers. The victims of our own prejudice and neglect, surely have a claim upon *us* for their elevation; and it should never be lost sight of, that the improvement of the free colored people will operate powerfully upon the cause of emancipation, by demonstrating that the colored man is *susceptible* of cultivation.

5. You can labor among your female friends—taking as large a circuit as your leisure, or rather your *other duties*, will permit—and thus you may extend all around you the spirit of hostility to slavery. You will not need eloquence or ‘much learning,’ in order to accomplish this end.

The story of the poor slave is simple and short—just a recital of ruined hopes, and sundered ties, and broken hearts—and surely no one can tell this story better than woman. By a course of visiting and faithful conversation, a single woman may be instrumental in forming a Ladies’ Anti-Slavery Society in the neighborhood.

6. You can exert a mighty influence over all who belong to your own families. Your husbands will often hear the truth from you, when they would close their ears, and house, against a lecturer, or burn up an anti-slavery paper. You may also induce them to attend anti slavery meetings by going yourselves.

Over your *children* your influence will be still greater. Indeed you must, in a great measure, stand responsible for the opinions they entertain and the course they take on this question. Who are more chargeable *than mothers* with the present state of public sentiment, on the subject of slavery, in Ohio? Who are responsible to the extent to which *they* are, for the wicked and oppressive prejudice against *color*—for the hatred of the negro, both free and bond—for the prevailing indifference as to the *sinfulness* of slavery—for the bitter opposition to emancipation, which manifests itself in abstaining from discussion, holding pro-slavery meetings, and raising mobs? The truth is too palpable to be mistaken. The sons of Ohio, and the other *free states*, have not been taught by their *mothers* to *abhor slavery*—nay, they have been taught to sympathize with the oppressor, and to regard the slave in a better condition than he *could* enjoy, *in this country*, if free.—Mothers, is not this true? Alas, it might have been otherwise!

and now shall it not be otherwise with the coming generation? Let every mother in Ohio bring her children daily around the family altar, and make them vow eternal hatred to slavery. Begin with the first dawn of thought—watch the earliest rise of sympathy—and breathe into the tender soul the story of the suffering slave. That story will never be forgotten. Let hatred of oppression be a part of your children's education, a part of their religion—let it be incorporated into their very being. Then we will no longer see your sons flocking to the south to become slave-holders—they will no longer aspire to the rank of overseers and drivers—nor will they be seen at home mobbing their fellow-citizens who are striving to commence the great reformation. But they will themselves be a generation of abolitionists.

7. You can exert a great influence over slave-holders visiting in your families. There is a vast and increasing intercourse between the north and the south. Slave-holders, with their families, spend the summers at the north. Of course females will come in contact with them unavoidably, in the family, around the table, about the fire-side, and elsewhere. Thus you will have abundant opportunities of conversing with them—showing them the sin of slavery—and urging them to abandon it. Much has been done in this way already, and that too without necessarily violating the laws of courtesy and hospitality. However, in respect of this, as of every other sin, you should be faithful with the sinner, *though he be offended*.

8. If you can do nothing else, you can feel and pray, and thus sustain those who are in the front of the battle. We know that God is with us, and if we only keep humble and prayerful, we doubt not he will give us the victory—*and that soon*. Will not our sisters lay hold of the arm of God?

9. In conclusion, let us say, that by enlisting in the cause of immediate emancipation and identifying with it your name and sex, you will effectually raise it above the contempt and violence of its enemies. The majority of mankind, you are aware, estimate a cause, not according to its real merits, but by the character and standing of its *friends*; and when these are exclusively *men*, however reputable they may be, the cause is regarded as vulgar and base, and is either wholly neglected or contemptuously treated. Anti-slavery principles must have a lodgment in the domestic retreat, as well as in the shops and counting-rooms; and they must find advocates in the parlor, as well as in the court-house and church,

before they will ever receive that consideration which their importance demands.

Sisters! we now have done. Our views are before you. The estimate which we have placed upon your duties and influence is high; but in making it we have not been actuated by a spirit of exaggeration or flattery. It is in accordance with our real sentiments. With what feelings then must we see all your influence arrayed against us? How can we reflect that, by your indifference or opposition, your fathers and husbands and brothers are to continue the enemies of our holy cause? How shall we bear the thought, that contempt and scorn and persecution are to assail us *through your denial of us*, and that mobs will feel countenanced by your standing aloof? Above all, how can we be reconciled to the idea that your children are to be imbued *by you*, with the same prejudice and hostility which their fathers feel toward us?

We could not longer submit to such a state of things, without an effort—without an urgent appeal to your reason and heart—without rolling your responsibilities upon you, and striving to make you feel their weight.

And now, sisters, shall all these things be in vain! No: it cannot be. You will rejoice to labor in a field where your energies can find full scope. You will unlock the treasures of your sympathies, and pour them forth in this cause. You will gird yourselves for a work so glorious, and fraught with the liberty, the happiness, and the hopes of millions. No longer will your ear be deaf to the sound of the lash. No longer will you turn away from sights of blood and mangled females. You will weep over these things, and you will speak of them in tones of melting pity which will touch other hearts. You will join hands and hearts in this blessed work, and awaken your tenderest and warmest feelings—until the vast tide of your mingled emotions shall heave only for the slave. Nor will you be without your great reward when, as the result of your labors, you shall behold parents, children, brothers, sisters, returning from their dreary separations and rejoicing and weeping in each other's embraces. This will be reward enough, to see the father fall upon the neck of his long-lost son, and the woe-worn mother clasp in her aged arms that daughter who was torn from the same bosom, when yet an infant. And oh, it will be a consummation of your bliss, when these re-united families, locked in a common embrace, point to you as the authors of their happiness, and rise up together to call you blessed.